

# The Getaway

UNIVERSITY • OF • ALBERTA

Killing baby trees since 1910 ♦ Readership: Our parents ♦ Volume 81 ♦ No. 25 ♦ Thursday December 12, 1991

## Incendiary bar kills 60 students

by Stiffen Hotley

Only a week after the introduction of the Canadian ChillBuster Chocolate Bar, police have reported over sixty cases of immediate spontaneous human combustion directly due to consumption of the ChillBuster bar.

Students at the University of Alberta have been going up like torches for three days. As the bar was marketed as a high-energy snack, students have been cramming them down their throats by the thousand in hopes of getting the zip needed to pass a course.

Since its introduction last Tuesday, the Chillbuster has been marketed as a hypothermia-prevention snack. The bar was supposed to allow people to metabolize excess fat to keep themselves warm in really really cold temperatures.

However, marketers neglected to inform consumers of the secret ingredient, referred to on the packaging as "artificial colouring." That artificial colouring is in fact plutonium 283 (which is sort of a grey-rust colour, by the way) The bar produces heat not by encouraging the metabolism of fat but rather by initiating an internal fission nuclear reaction.

Inventor Harry Wank was disappointed with the bar as he has long been an advocate of cold fusion nuclear reactions. He abandoned the cold fusion route when government regulations prevented the

inclusion of deuterium and palladium in publicly available candy products.

Wank was unsympathetic towards the victims of his incendiary confectionery. "Well, what are they all complaining about?" Wank said. "They're warm, aren't they? They're not freezing to death, are they? They're not dying from hypothermia, are they?"

The action group Parents With Children Who Have Died From Hypothermia have launched a formal protest against Wank's remarks, claiming gross insensitivity. "It was grossly insensitive," said one of them, a guy with a red cap and sort of a limp who didn't give his name for fear of persecution but left us his phone number (433-0844) in case we needed to get back to him. Don't call him or anything.

One student who narrowly escaped self-immolation was indifferent about his ordeal. "Well, it's been awful chilly lately. Certainly, I wasn't exactly pleased when my arm went up like Dresden, but at least it was nice and warm."

Chillbuster bars are available in sports shops, health food stores, and suicide supply houses across the nation.

When asked what he thought of the bar's harmful side effects, President Pal Davendork said, "Our biochemistry department is the best in the country. Pass me a Snickers."

## The last story on handbooks ever

by Careen Onion

Students' Union officials have found 24 000 extra Student Handbooks and they want University students to get them now.

SU vp internal Latrina Layman says that if students do not pick up their handbooks by December 31, they will have all Students' Union privileges revoked and an encumbrance placed on their records.

"I want these things picked up and I want them picked up now."

Information booth consultants will be distributing the handbooks from now until the end of December from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. except on Christmas and Boxing Day. They will be keeping track of the student identification numbers of those who pick their handbooks up.

"I don't care if you already have

one," said Layman. "You people whined and complained until you drove me nuts. Well, you've got your bloody handbooks, so you'd better come and get them or there will be hell to pay."

The handbooks were found during the \$20 000 renovations on SU info booths. According to Kathrine Wash, director of information services, info booth consultants had no idea the handbooks were there.

"We had no idea they were there."

So far students have been confused by the recent developments.

"What's a handbook?" said second year Arts student Ida No.

When asked to comment, U of A President Pal Davendork said, "Our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

### Printed in real Getaway Editor blood.

How much is an editorial staff supposed to give?

The *Getaway* staff celebrates the publication of this issue in a different vein. . . Each editor has contributed a small vial of the red stuff to be lovingly poured into the vats of ink, making this the first *Getaway* ever to be printed in blood. Plus a shot of tequila for good measure.



Professor Kitzel

**BURN BABY BURN:** Fourth year science student Tarty Mucker barely escapes spontaneously combusting after consuming a Chillbuster bar. Ooooh hot hot hot. Ouch.

## SU soaks students for more

*Exec wants hot tubs and free love in SUB*

by Uarainn B. MacFhearghuis

Concern over the age and condition of the Students' Union Building has prompted a new fee increase expected to reach deep into students' pockets.

Students' Council voted Tuesday to increase SU fees next year, but students entering studies in January will also be affected.

The increase will be 60 per cent higher than present, and is expected to create a funding pool of \$3 million dollars for a new and improved SUB. The increase translates to an extra fee of \$74 for each student.

The issue of an SU fee increase first arose last October when SU president Mark du Munchausen said it was needed to begin covering the immense costs of a new building.

It is du Munchausen's plan to

charge students now and in years to come to finance the construction of the building.

"We are looking at an aging SUB here. There are a lot of things which we are missing. Look, students have asked for a hot tub, and rooms to f--- in. Who am I to say 'no'?"

Du Munchausen said he expects the SU executive and counsellors to make extensive use of the facilities.

"Yeah, we are students too. I think it is great for us to let loose too. It's a good idea," he said.

Latrina Layman agreed that the money is well-spent in upgrading the building.

"This is such a neat idea, but don't print that. Now I can live out my *menage à quatre* fantasies with the guys on the exec, but don't print that. Hey! Are you recording this? I see that red light on your tape-

recorder. Are you sure?"

Ken Rock of the Graduate Students' Association is opposed to any fee that would be used in such a "carnal" manner.

"This is absolutely the stupidest thing I have ever heard. There is no way the GSA or the SU should be thinking about this bull-shit. Is the U of A one huge brothel? Those SU asses should be more concerned about representing students than humping each other."

Rock said he will soon begin a campaign to oppose the new fee. He would like concerned students to relay their discontent directly to du Munchausen.

"All I can say is that our biochemistry department is the best in the country," said President Pal Davendork.

Next real issue of *The Getaway* is on January 9. Really. We're not kidding. It's the truth.



# Awful blight alters students

by Gargamel Sings

"The influx of neurosporific genitalia into the stranonsphere is the only logical explanation for the increase of papa smurfization on the University of Alberta campus," said world renowned bio-psycho-neuro-necrophilist John E. Scientist. Scientist claims that the genitalia floating around in the stranonsphere has inhibited the normal production of the cross-reactive epigglycanin hydroxyspheroidines in some individuals and this obviously has increased the cyclization of lycopene to beta-carotene pop tarts to the brain.

When this occurs, the cerebellum smurfthalmus is triggered and synthetic murine enzyme activity begins. Scientist claims that "it is this enzyme that is directly linked to the two dimensional mononolymphoidic expression in the biochemical pathway."

Both immunogenital integration and normal cessation of lymphoproliferative smurfing in third derivatives were essential in isolating this enzyme (ESP. LN X=1/X).

Scientist said "the effects on

people range from simple caroimmunizing, where affected individuals crave sarsparilla juice and find themselves sexually attracted to short blue overcoats, to allout papa smurfizing." In the most extreme cases, the hemopoietic locoregional macrophage initiates blue pigmentation on the face and hands.

In the worst reported case at the U of A, Vanit E. Smurf, a third year pyromaniac, grew a beard and a potbelly and smurfed around campus screaming "follow me my little smurfs."

Now that Scientist has discovered the enzyme behind this disorder, scientists, including Scientist and his team of scientists will work to find a cure. He is confident that after several more bovinial groinal injections and millial vannial platings they will be well on their way to curing this devastating disorder.

When asked to comment on the outbreak, President Pal Davendork said, "I don't know much about this papa smurfization thing, but one thing I can tell you is that our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

# Rabid rabbit terrorizes U of A

by Pita Nomore

A dangerous rabbit has eluded both Campus Security and Edmonton city police and is now terrorizing the University of Alberta. The Canadian Armed Forces have been called in to take the bunny down.

"We can't find the dang critter," said Security Officer Abner, a 20-year old veteran reputed to know the campus like the back of his hand although he lost that hand on a camping trip in Banff two years ago.

"We'd bring in dogs to track him down, but we're afraid the rabbit would tear 'em to pieces." The carcass of a dog found in the River Valley near campus tested positive for rabies. Experts guess that it was the work of the rabbit.

Graduate student Arnie Schwarzenegger, who named the rabbit Fluffy, said he performed a series of admittedly questionable experiments with it in order to test its reactions towards violence.

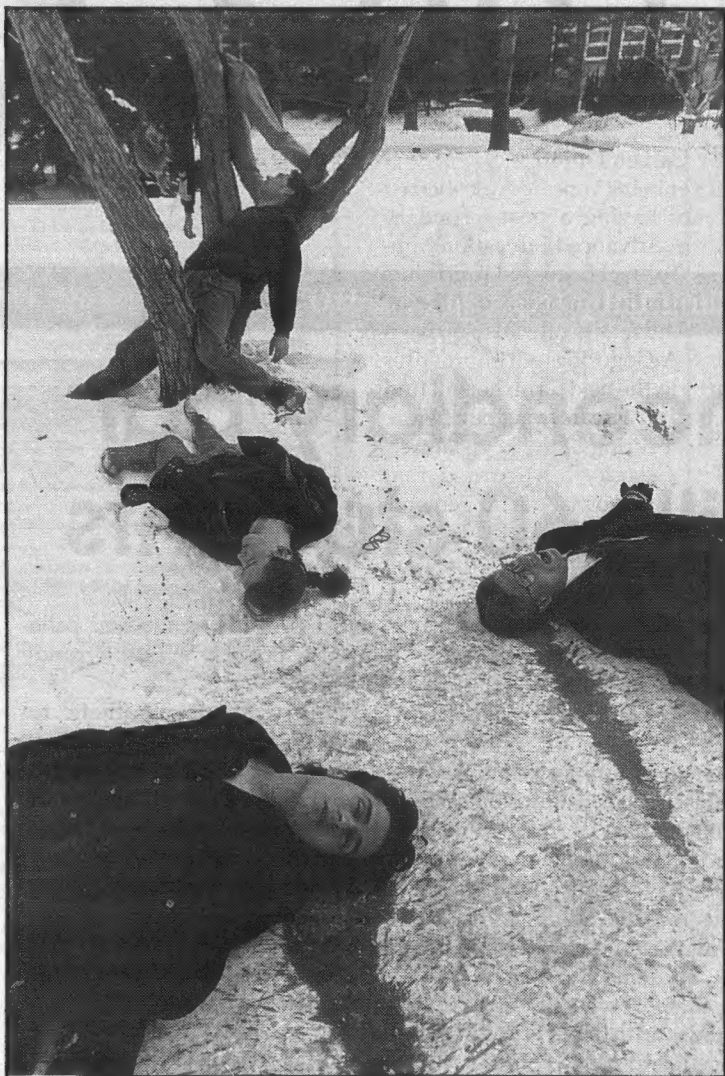
"Yeah, I forced it to watch every Van Damme film I could find and then I showed it all of the Rambos - twice!"

Campus Security warned that Fluffy may have adopted various camouflage and "ninja" techniques, which accounts for the bungling of several near captures last week when Fluffy staged two unprovoked "raids" on V-Wing and HUB.

Health services officials say they cannot keep up with the growing casualty rate.

"I was trained for dealing with normal things like snake bites and black plague and leprosy, not war," complained B.S. Fedwitit. He reported that 23 patients have been admitted to the hospital for lost appendages and massive blood loss. All victims are being tested for rabies but so far frothing at the mouth has been limited to Engineering students.

One victim lost his memory when he received several bites to the brain. He reportedly cried out, "It's Watership Down all over again! The



Suffien Holley

Victims of Fluffy lay dead in Quad. Will it never stop?

rabbits are coming, the rabbits are coming..."

The military has ruled out tactical bombing, mainly due to protests from the SPCA, but platoons armed with automatic weapons and grenades, are using carrots to lure Fluffy out of the snowdrifts. General Wohr S. Eagull, who has been placed in charge of the operation

which he has dubbed "White Tail Stomp" said, "I believe that hand grenades will be the decisive tool in pacifying the rabbit."

President Pal Davendork said he is keeping tabs on the situation.

"We'll get this Fluffy thing dealt with as soon as possible. But just let me say that our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

Smoke this paper.



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# Getaway saves trees

by Pulgo Em Chartets

A new plan will not only see the Students' Union budget balanced by April 1992, but will also see the *Getaway* at the forefront of the environmental movement.

SU vp infernal Latrina Layman said the *Getaway* used 46 020 kilograms of paper to produce 50 newspapers last year. This translates to about 865 fully grown trees a year or roughly 103 helpless tree families.

The new arrangement will see the *Getaway* printing and distributing about 50 papers to various campus libraries and outlets where they will be put on a reserve reading list. Included in the list are Cameron, Rutherford, H.T. Coutts

and the Department of Philosophy.

The papers print run will be slashed from 13 000 copies, guaranteeing a savings of \$650 an issue or \$13 000 a year. Plus all 50 limited edition copies will be autographed by each editor.

"Advertisers will love it! People will be standing in block-long lineups to see the newest *Getaway*," said editor-in-chief M. Paul Cherry.

President Pal Davendork agreed that cutting back *Getaway* production was a good idea and added that "our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

# People are stupid

by Emmy Gherkins

Authorities are concerned over events that threaten to shatter the solidarity of the Elocution and Forensics Association at the University of Alberta. Controversy surrounds Bearhand "The Traitor" Sighed, whose involvement in the downfall of the Crocheting Club is well known.

Sighed, a member of the association's executive, has hinted at dark secrets behind closed doors.

"It's not just the leather G-strings," he said. "We have to look at the illegal substances.... Sure, they say they're only Flintstone vitamins, but who really knows for certain?"

The executive responded that they do not take Sighed seriously.

"Bearhand is obviously seeking attention," said Wayne Vice. "I mean, two coups in one month? Come on, people, let's focus on the important issues, like Bubba and the Shoe of Lust."

Simone Mullet, external director of the club, is distraught.

"Does Bearhand think it's easy having our exec meetings next to the Star Trek office? Who knows what those people are up to in there? And just what does 'fire photon torpedoes' mean?"

President Pal Davendork had no comment at this time, but it probably would have had something to do with our biochemistry department being the best in the country.



# Desperately seeking a University degree

by Careen Onion

After being repeatedly criticized for not having a post-secondary degree, Advanced Education Minister John Hugo-A-Gogo has enrolled in the University of Alberta.

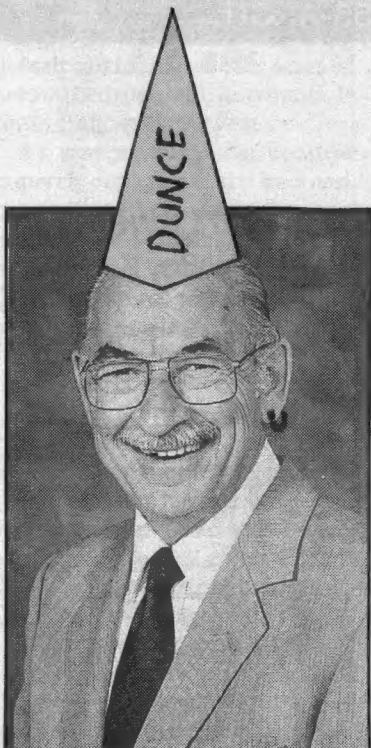
But University officials say that if Hugo-A-Gogo does not improve his marks in the next term, he will find himself on a dean's vacation before the next sitting of the Legislature.

The *Getaway* has learned that Hugo-A-Gogo made arrangements with the Office of the Registrar to enrol in the Faculty of Education under an assumed name. Hugo-A-Gogo said he is not using an assumed name but is simply unable to spell his real name.

"Hugo-A-Gogo's a tough name to spell. There's too many i's, and they...what? O's? What's the difference? One letter's the same as another. Nobody has to know how to spell in caucus."

Although he managed to remain incognito for the first few weeks of classes, his fellow students soon figured out that he was not a regular student.

"I've been in classes with mature students before, but this guy was really dumb. Like, he was really really dumb. I couldn't believe it," said Bernie Bimster, who took Education Foundations with Hugo-A-



John Hugo-A-Gogo, after a particularly taxing day of classes.

Gogo.

According to documents obtained from the Registrar's office, Hugo-A-Gogo will have to get eights and nines on his exams to

pass his courses this semester. Most of his professors consider this highly unlikely.

"I've seen some real dough-head's in my time—hey, I even taught a class to that SU Prez of yours—but this guy takes the cake. At the exam he sat totally still for half an hour until I realized he wasn't sure how a pencil worked. I told him to fill in the little dots. So he did. All of them," said Education Psychology professor Sharon Sharalike.

Students' Union vp academic Eeyawn McDoornat said he was sorry to hear about Hugo-A-Gogo's academic difficulties and suggested that a deal could be made.

"I'm not saying this is what will happen, but if Mr. Hugo-A-Gogo wants to pass this year, maybe he should look at the funding situation here. You know, we have needs and he has needs, maybe we could work something out. Not that I'm putting any pressure on him. We good Tories have to stick together, you know."

When asked what he thought about Hugo-A-Gogo's academic problems, President Pal Davendork said, "Well, I'm certainly sorry to hear that he is having trouble, but I must say, our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

# Who cares?

by Careen Onion

A University of Alberta research team has discovered that most people do not care about the news.

In an interdisciplinary study of the newspaper reading habits of 1500 University students, the researchers found that 83 per cent do not even look at the news section, 13 per cent glance at the headlines, three per cent scan the stories for their names, and the remaining one per cent read some or all of the stories.

According to John Smarter, who headed the research team, the study could have profound implications for the way newspapers are written.

"If you think about it, the news section is really a waste of space. Why not use those valuable pages for something interesting, like movie reviews or personals or those keen pie graphs like they have in *USA Today*?"

Smarter said *The Getaway* has been leading the way in innovative newspaper style by cutting back on the news section.

"I think *The Getaway* should continue to run a news section of no more than three pages. In fact, I would encourage a one-page section. You can't afford to cut things like Three Lines Free and comics for news."

*Getaway* editor-in-chief M. Paul Cherry said Smarter's suggestions are interesting.

"Well, we are short on space, and I sure don't read the news section, so it's not surprising that no one else does either. It's something to look at, that's for sure."

When asked for his opinion on the importance of news in newspapers, President Pal Davendork replied, "Our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

# Pres to dye hair for bucks

Campaign will help pay for new fee, tuition

by Jay B. Montana

In an effort to raise much needed revenue for the University of Alberta, President Pal Davendork hopes to contribute \$500 000 to cover the cost of the proposed student services fee. He would also like to pay the tuition costs for 20 students.

The proposed fee increase in student services, which will likely come into effect in January, will drive up the cost to students 160 per cent. With Davendork's contribution, students would collectively only have to pay an additional \$17 million during the next academic year.

Tuition costs are also expected jump 95 per cent next year after government officials voted Mon-

day to rescind a previous decision to cap tuition.

Davendork said he realizes the hardships students face, but pointed out that the University is going through a period of "financial exigency." He stressed that his office has a plan to lessen the financial burden.

In a press conference held Wednesday, Davendork said he will raise the money by canvassing the business and alumni communities, and by soliciting cash for dyeing his hair.

"I am very proud of the scholastic experience indicative of my grey hair, but in the spirit of campus solidarity, I will dye my hair black and give the money back to the

university I cherish so deeply," said Davendork.

Davendork said he will dye his hair if he receives approximately \$500 000 in pledges. That money would help decrease the proposed fee and would also be used to provide free tuition for 20 students.

"The response from the business community has been fantastic. They have come to know the U of A as the finest institution of higher learning in Canada. We have deep commitment to the quality of education, and to provide affordable and accessible education for our students. The business community knows this, and they know that our biochemistry department is the best in the country."

# SU screws up again

by Dram Buidhéach

The University of Alberta Students' Union abruptly cancelled plans for a massive Christmas card mailout last week, *The Getaway* has learned.

An estimated 3500 cards, each bearing a full-colour holographic image of Montreal sculptor Jean-Paul Poutine's "Family of Huperchild," were printed at Fast Freddy Farnsworth's Lithography and School of Demi-Modern Dance in November. The cards were to be sent to a number of prominent alumni, government leaders, and entrepreneurs in the latter part of December, but according to the SU's vp finance, severe financial concerns scuttled the project.

"Well, gee whiz, Dram, the cheque bounced last week," Aleph Rott said Monday. "I mean, we tried to call Freddy back on Friday

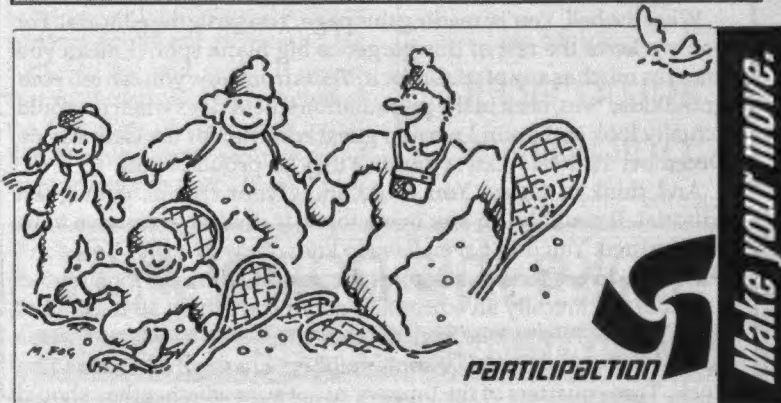
to get it all straightened out, but the number got cut off somehow." Rott added that the SU's Operating Tietack Slushfund had been drained from a September high of \$3.7-million to its current overdraft of \$28.83 not long before a \$14,000 cheque to Farnsworth's firm was sent to pay for the Christmas card order.

A spokesman for Sid and Rocco's Collection and Investigation Agency said yesterday that Fast Freddy Farnsworth, alias Friedrich von Karajan, alias James Joyce Brothers, was last seen in Skiptrac Airways' first-class departures lounge at the Edmonton International Airport. Sid Neuckelkracher noted that Farnsworth had purchased an airline ticket for Rio de Janeiro, passing through Toronto, New York, Atlanta, Cape Canaveral, Caracas, Cartagena, and Cuzco.

"He could be anywhere by now," said Neuckelkracher.

Students' Council science representative Raving Knot demanded Rott's resignation from the SU executive for the Christmas card snafu. "This isn't easy for me to say, being a loyal Regressive Convertible and all, but damn it, Dram, Aleph should have known better than to turn down a cheaper contract from a reputable printing company in the hopes of getting that wet-bar package from that Fast F—ing Freddy's fly-by-night flim-flam factory," said Knot.

"The Students' Union should beware of unscrupulous people," said President Pal Davendork. "But at least they can take comfort in the knowledge that our biochemistry department is the best in the country."



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IF YOU DRINK,  
DON'T DRIVE





# Stuff by our friends

Managing Editor: Stiffen Hotley, 555-ARGH

## Space for Rent

by Cogito Ergo Sum Ni

Once upon a time there was a happy kingdom where everyone happily sat at their happy computer terminals churning out happy pages filled with happy stories on skyrocketing deficits, spiraling economies, pyromaniacal chocolate bar vendors, starving students and cute little killer bunny wabbits not to mention some raunchy play reviews and sporting events. All was well in the land of happy Tex until one dreary day an evil dark and mysterious presence made itself felt in the editorial castle.

The nasty demon made itself felt in the very space that had to be filled on the managing break page. This very page before you. This very page that the editors are struggling to conquer of the forboding presence of white space. This very very very empty space that I died on when the scarabs fell from the heavens and took to my body like maggots from the tripe rotting in the wooden garbage bins of the Co-op where I used to live and work. This very space where the disturbing phenomenon known as filler is making itself felt.

What the hell. You're reading this page. You write the editorial. For you we leave the rest of this gorgeous big blank spot. I mean you know as much as any of us. Go for it. Years from now you can tell your grandkids, "Yes, back in the preradiation shield days when we could actually look at the sun I wrote a guest editorial for the Getaway on December 12, 1991." Boy, wouldn't they be proud of you.

And think of today. You could show your friends your guest editorial. It could be on any inane topic. It doesn't even have to be well written. You don't even have to know how to write. You don't even have to use facts. Just look at the past 24 editorials for a perfect example. Technically an editorial is about something all the editors can agree on. What a joke. Half the time most of us haven't got a clue what it's about until 13 000 copies of them are down in the loading dock. Three quarters of the time we're not sure whether they should be in the opinion box or editorial box. Actually, come to think of it we never did decide whether this was an editorial box or an opinion box for editors. I mean an editorial box doesn't have a byline. This un does.

Anyways, so this is your spot for you to do what you want to do. If you want to swear. Go ahead. I don't give an airborne fornication what you say. If you want to be cute, go ahead. If you want to be uninformed that's your option as well. Just do it.

Well. That's that. The forum belongs to you. Take care.

I FEEL LIKE SCRATCHING MY FOOT. I CAN'T GET OVER IT. YOU HEAR ABOUT RHODA DENDRON? SHE'S A PLANT FOR THE LIBERALS. HOW BOUT THAT KENNEDY? I ALMOST GREW ROOTS. JUST ABOUT DROPPED A BRANCH. BUT IT'S AMAZING HOW THINGS CAN BLOSSOM.



## Complaints

### Readers hate Getaway, as though this was a surprise

#### Tummas bothers white guy

Lately I have been reading the Getaway and have seen one or two of Mr. Malcum Tummas' articles. I don't like them. They make me feel guilty. Make him stop.

A Rich white Kid with Rich White Parents who's never, ever, received the benefits of being rich and white in a rich white society Arts IV

#### Fish is bad, and I don't get it

Lately I have been reading Sushi Nohousekey's articles in the Get-

away. I don't like them. They confuse me. Make him stop.

Someone with no sense of humor Arts IV

#### Patrol is bad, and I no like it just because

Lately I have been reading Pneumatic Drill's "Billy Bragg's Fart Petrol" in the Getaway. I don't like it. It makes me feel guilty. Make him stop.

A guy who stands in doorways, belongs to a Frat & listens to Phil Collins. Arts IV

#### Tirade is bad, and is nasty

Lately I have been reading Stephan Yieeee's "Tirades" in the Getaway. I don't like them. They make me feel guilty about moving my bowels. Make him stop.

Another person with no sense of humor. Arts IV

#### We're dumb

You guys are really dumb. Just thought I'd drop a line and let you know.

Llster Sinclair Smart enough not to need a degree

## Cymbal of the Day

Sabian

a cymbal



This is a Sabian cymbal. It is round and flat and made of metal and it goes ting when you hit it. People hit them with sticks or if you're especially clever you get to hit them together once or twice during a big concert.

## The Getaway

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Considerably Further Down Piffy Puffy Trashcan 492-7052

Close to the Bottom Sport Goofy 492-5068

Higher Up Than We Realize Racquel Hotsytotsy 492-1482

Hard To Say Allis Lizardgills 492-3423

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All materials appearing in The Getaway are copyright and may not be used without the written permission of The Getaway. Contents of The Getaway are the responsibility of the Editor-in-Chief. All grievances should be forgotten, 'cause, hey, it's Christmas. All opinions signed by the writer do not necessarily reflect the views of The Getaway, and since we all used fake names this, like, really protects us. What a joke.



# Whine whine whine

## Readers write in to fill space so we don't have to

### Styrofoam warrior blithers

Why do you *Getaway* people always run letters on things nobody cares about? All this stuff on abortion, and religion, and women's rights and vegetarianism. Poo. Last year they had a great series of letters on what's really important: the pressing styrofoam situation on this campus. People are still using it. It's still destroying quintillions of tons of atmosphere every hour, and all life on this planet is still being exterminated by this evil substance and unthinking devil-worshippers still carry their coffee in it. Don't they CARE!!!!!!? Who are these people who are so deaf to our Earth's cries of agony? How can they stand to be alive at the terrible cost they exact from the living, breathing, menstruating planet every day? And how can the *Getaway* not adopt my own personal agenda on how to save to world as its most immediate imperative? People are DYING, and the *Getaway* still runs things by this Fish character. Weep, people, weep.

Floffy "I have a cause"  
Ayrehed  
Education II

### Eating salt is just mean

I'd like to respond to Aneek Fiveman's letter on the morality of eating mineral beings like salt. Minerals have feelings, too. It's all too easy for some beer-guzzling slob with a disgusting gut and pubic hair crawling all the way up to his neck to go on about how it's his "God-given right" to eat salt, but enlightened people like U of A students should know better. Most people don't know the conditions salt is kept in before it is made ready for human consumption. It lies in the ground for millions of years, then is brought to a salt farm, chained up with a one-foot length of chain in a pen too small for it even to sit down or turn around, and it is force-fed milk until it gets

fat. At least, it would be if it were a veal calf. If the salt industry was in the least bit humane it would raise the salt on natural salt farms, where the salt can roam free over acres of natural bedrock with its parents. It could frolic with the veal.

It's easy to think that because minerals don't speak and love and cry and hurt like us that they are incapable of suffering, but that is just not true. You don't need a central nervous system and sentience to feel pain.

Well, maybe you do. I'm still right. They still suffer. Just look at them. Poor grains of salt.

Look, just fuck off, okay? So maybe it's not the best argument in the world. I'm having some personal problems and my exams aren't going so well either, and all right, I'm big enough to admit it, I'm not all that bright either. Why shouldn't stupid people have their say too? Just like salt.

Leave me alone. I'm miserable and I want to die. Agkkk.....!

John Hugo-A-Gogo  
Education I

### Spank me harder, mommy!

You *Getaway* folk make me sick. Why, when I was back on the farm, if me 'n my brother had ever used foul language like I see in this har newspaper, Ma woulda washed our mouths out with soap and paddled our rears until they was a nice rosy pink. It makes me hot 'n bothered just thinking about it.

Billy Joe Bob  
Animal Husbandry II

### Getaway makes errotrs

In your most recent issue of Dec. 5, I notice you made an error. You spelled "floccininihilipilification" with only four I's. This paper isn't a game, people! There are a lot of people out there that take your paper very seriously!

And if you ever entertained thoughts of having paying jobs in the future, I imagine you will all be very surprised. Employers don't take kindly to errors. Maybe when you're out in the real world you'll see. And you're all ugly.

Someone With Constructive  
Criticism  
Grad Studies II

### People who cut cartoons are dwarflike mutants

Recently, in a hideous miscarriage of justice, perhaps the most brilliant and humorous comic strip in existence was cut from your paper while dreck like The Germ and Poo Poo was allowed to remain, all to satisfy the capricious whim of a bitter little man. This outrage was further compounded when devoted fans of this unbelievably funny cartoon flooded the *Getaway* with letters of complaint, and were met only with contempt. I just want to say I think it's awful.

John Doe  
MaPaG IV

### Prof points out where we fuck up

In your "newspaper" of Dec. 4, I notice you had a news story about tri-segmented annelid. Clearly you never did any research on your "story." If you had read Volume 38 of my unpublished works on trisegmented annelids, you would know that they have *ciliate* feeding structures and not villiate as you so foolishly purport.

Perhaps next time you could take the time to do a little research before you write an unfounded story like the one last issue.

Prof. Goof With Nothing better to but look at worms and criticize student newspapers over total trivialities

### A boy's tale

There was a time, when I was in seminary school, when all newspapers had a little courtesy and believed in a little thing called journalistic integrity. The people who ran papers had strong morals and real public concern, and would never let a word like "fuck" appear in their paper.

Alas, these times have passed. I'm no longer in seminary school. Mr. Hathaway, that stern taskmaster who taught me so much of the world and of being a man, bid me farewell with fond words and a loving blow to the head. Happy and inventive, I set out into my great adventure of life, never knowing where I was, or where I was going.

Presently, I came across a strange man who stood by the side of the road. He was tall and gaunt, and had a peculiar aspect, an oddness to his nature that my most diligent surveys could not penetrate. He spoke to me and said, "It seems that you have mistakenly included the first page of your poor imitation of a nineteenth-century novel in your letter to the *Getaway*." I re-

alized it was so.

Words like "fuck" would never be printed in those days of gold and milk. Nobody who cared for his children would ever put "shit" into a headline, and nobody with all his fingers and toes would ever say something like, "push it into me harder, you long length of meaty wonder," unless it was to illustrate some kind of philosophical point. Now I see travesties of this kind every week in the *Getaway*. It must stop. But what do I know? I'm just a big rabbit with claws.

B. Bunny  
Not in school 'cause he's a rabbit

**Friday**  
**2:00 Rm 282**

No Meeting.  
I'll be drunk or sleeping.

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### Very serious indeed



Sushi  
Nohousekey

Fuck!  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!  
Fuck.

It's all my Dad's fault. My life is one big miserable joyous ecstasy of torture and love.

You may ask yourself how things like this get printed in a semi-respectable paper with a readership of thirty thousand. How does quasi-psychotic dribble make it to the actual printed page?

Simple. I'm friends with the editor. He lets me do whatever I want. You people complain that you're not represented on the pages of the *Getaway*? It's because you suck and nobody here likes you. It's all one big club up here and we just hate all you people out there,

## LOVE!!!

so don't even bother coming up here to complain because we'll just laugh at you behind your back anyway.

Whoops, time to go off on some ridiculous tangent. Let's talk about sex. I have it. Right here in the office. Don't believe me? I have pictures. Wouldn't the world be a better place if we all took pictures of our sexual experiences and published them or wrote about them in student newspapers? I think it would be, but then I'm a thin tall guy with no home and a vest.

Why, I remember one time I was having sex and my father came in. He's hung like a battleship, by the way, so maybe after I print this he won't think I'm such a loser anymore, and he'll let me get some of my stuff from his garage. I call him Beebo. Nobody knows why. Do you care? Not likely. I hate everything, especially people and animals. This is a parody. Can you even tell?

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# Funny stuff! Who-ho! Ha-ha! Wheeeee!



Pneumatic  
Drill

## Billy Bragg's Fart Petrol

Several times in the last few months I have been struck by the question, Is it really a good thing that I know all things? And repeatedly, I find myself answering, Yes, it is good. It is a good thing. In fact, it is a very good thing.

It's really good, especially when it comes to dealing with theoretically annoying people (of whom there are approximately 4.978 billion, give or take a few hundred thousand—hey, I KNOW). Annoying people like, for instance:

### CHICKS WHO WON'T GO OUT WITH ME:

I mean, how many times have you been in the situation where you want to ask some tawny, bouncy, hair-spray and lip-gloss queen goddess for a dance, but

were afraid she would reject you? And how many times, upon the insistence of your brainy friends who tilt their beers in her direction while wobbling in their mouldy IRON MAIDEN shirts, saying philosophically, "Go for it!", have you in fact, gone for it, asking, "Do you want to dance?" And she turns to you, saying, "No way, you greasy dork." And then you have to say, "I said, you look FAT in those PANTS." Now, if you knew everything in advance (Omniscience, like moi), you could simply walk up to her without previously having spoken to her and say, "I said you look FAT in those PANTS." And since you know in advance that her boyfriend, who is apparently a cross between the lower primates

# Omniscience: Overrated?

and your average major appliance, will try to kill you, you can have your weapon (try a Colt .45; trust me) ready and blow his over-sexed testes off (ie, with the gun). Try it. I have, many times.

### FRAT BOYS

Need I say more?

### MOVIES AND OTHER POPULAR THINGS

Oh, these really burn me up. Sometimes you could like something that is really good, like *New Kids in the Hall*, or *The Simpsons-Sears* or *Wire Straights* or *The Flash*, for instance. And you're sitting there, enjoying yourself, just minding your own business, when all of a sudden other people start enjoying those things too! Imagine! Then you have to find even more obscure things to enjoy, otherwise you'll be no better than the great masses of the pitiful, wretched dung beetles who pass for human life on this campus. So you'll latch leave previously obscure alternative bands like *The Flash* for *Get The Foetus Outta My Penis*, and movies

like *Citizen McCain's for Mystery Train*. But before you know it, you'll see housewives (you're all hooked on glue and you can't hold a real job) and Delta Gamma Girls ("Do you have that in paisley?") drinking out of their oh-so-trendy Foetus cappuccino mugs while they don their Christian "DATDF" (Dreamy And To Die For) t-shirts that they got at full price at only \$100 plus GST at the Holt-Renfuz last Saturday. But if you're omniscient you can just avoid liking things that will become trendy and stick to things that no one else will ever like or even have heard of (Joe Slummer, Senator McCarthy, *Battleship Two Pumpkins*).

### GOD

I mean, come on. Just who does He think He is? Me? And talk about inaccuracy. What's this six days and the universe is done stuff? I happen to know that they universe not only took more than six days but was WAY over budget. And

anyone, what the hell use is there in stuff like, oh, the human APPENDIX, nipples for MEN, SLUGS, MARK DUMCHAUSEN? And by the way, you ever wonder why dogs, monkeys, beetles and Rick Dees don't have to wear tampons, but human women DO? I mean, talk about design flaws.

I guess the only thing to do is worship me, basically. Let me sketch briefly the New Universal Chevalric Order:

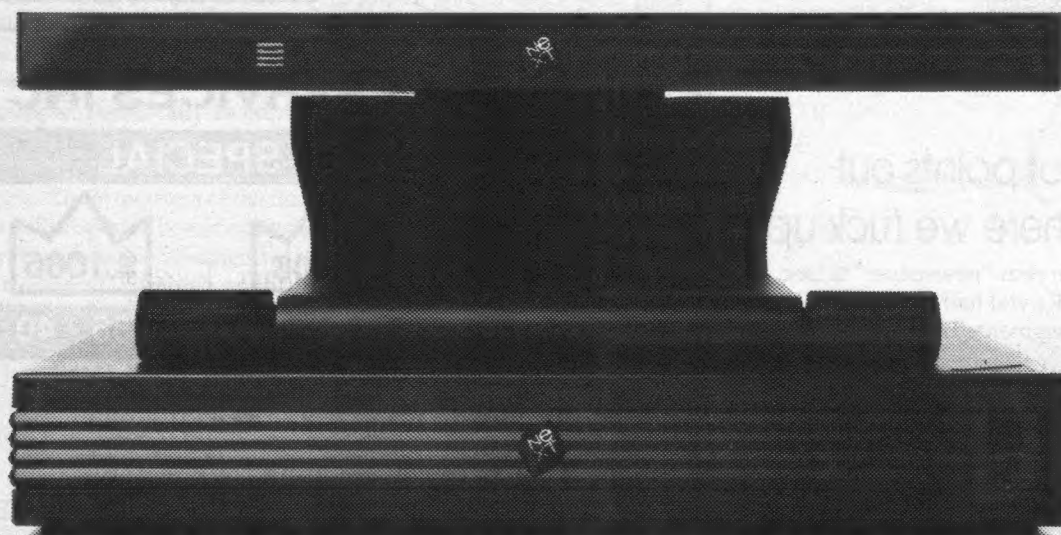
—V-Wing becomes Hell.

—Abolish Trail, Bros, George Michael and parrots.

—Illegal to tip waiters any way other than over (ha, ha).

—All chicks adore me, all men ignore me, all money before me.

—Elvis brought back to life to renounce his title of King before being executed by eating deep-fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches. And Eddy Cockruns made Emperor.



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## Only an opinion



Gravid  
Sandstone

## Meat is dead

As though you really thought that our opinions were any smarter than yours

Meat is murder. The phrase has been running though our campus like a shish-kebob, splitting the tender student body into two sides of the moral fire. There are those who say eating meat is just fine, thank you, while others call meat eaters a pack of crazy murderous sinful testosterone freaks. Who is to say what is good and bad?

God, some say. He said "Thou shalt not kill," but we do it to eat. Is He playing some great big cruel joke on us by offering lots of edible meat, but a guilt trip if we kill anything to get it? Or isn't He? What about God anyway...is He bad? Is he bald? Sooner or later, He kills everyone.

I can understand that some people find meat eating revolting and inhumane, but what about plants? Do they find eating meat revolting and inhumane too? What's their perspective on this? I've spoken to some very thoughtful and intelligent plants, and do you know what they said? Nothing. They were plants, you meathead. They can't speak. Or move or do anything.

Besides, an animal can run away or fight for its survival, but a living soya bean hasn't a hope in hell of getting away from Mister Vegetarian. It is my contention, therefore, that God has intended the entire earth to consume itself and turn into one big fart. Study the logic, if you would.

We, as meat eaters, will kill all the animals and consume them. The vegetarians will eat all the plants, and both of us will then die to become fertilizer for the plants that will be eaten by the animals who will then eat them. The faster

this cycle occurs, the more compulsive it will become and before you know it nothing will be left. Not one crumb. Just one big rank cloud of vapour sneaked out from the underside of one of God's big buttocks.

If anyone should be telling us what to eat, it should be God. He should come down one day and tell us what we should do about this "meat is murder" question. Would we even know it was Him? Or would we just assume it was just some ploy by the anti-meat rally to get us to stop eating animal flesh? How would we know, if God arrived in all His glory? I don't

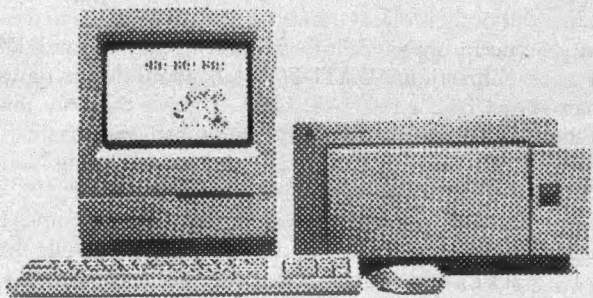
**This is called a  
callout. It is what we  
do when the story  
isn't big enough to fill  
the space because  
somebody's too lazy.**

know. It would be something to see, though. I'd pay good money.

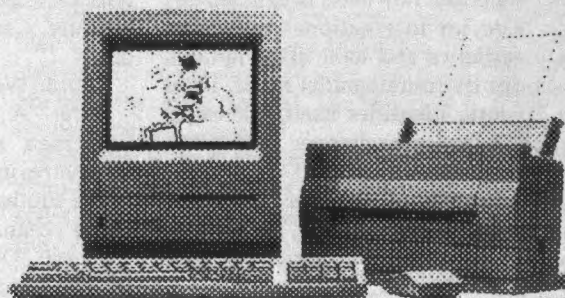
Frankly, the argument about meat and murder is a pile of bologna. Not even good bologna either, but that kind where you could really believe that it was made from spare parts. Some people want to eat meat and should be left to die horrible cardio-vascular deaths, while vegetarians can slowly mutate into small politically correct Disney forest animals spewing cuteness and nausea to everyone. Eat meat and have a heart attack, or eat plants and become a stuffed toy. Burgers or salad. Have it your way. You're a murderer either way.



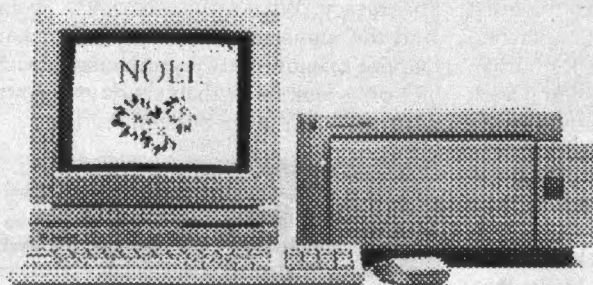
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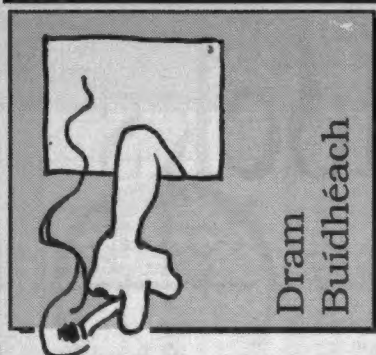
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Dram  
Buidhéach

## What is the matter with Deanna Troi?

*She's been suckered, alas, by that Gawd-awful ploy...*

What is the matter with Mary Jane? She's had rides on a horse and a ride on the train

And it's lovely Kraft Dinner for supper again...

Oh, what is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter, indeed? A. A. Milne could at least drop one possible problem from consideration when he wrote about that cranky little tyke back when *Now We Are Six* was a best-selling collection.

Mary Jane had yet to be confronted with saying as much absolute inanity as possible in a minimum of time. Mary Jane never had to look like an idiot in twenty minutes or less.

Still, things could be somewhat worse. Take Marina Sirtis—please. This diminutive champion of Graeco-Roman melodrama has two distinctly unenviable tasks on the set of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Unlike Gates McFadden, whose Surgeon-Commander Beverly Crusher might be called upon to restore a derelict freezer to working order with a single gaze, Sirtis, in her role as Ship's Counsellor Deanna Troi, is expected to provide the lion's share of *Star Trek's* T&A requirement for the 99% of the American television audi-

ence who collapse before their television screens with a six-pack of Bud Light at their side and a brain wandering somewhere south of the Tropic of Cancer.

Sirtis' other, more important function, however, is to stand before an international television audience and look like a fatuous ditz five minutes after KZZZ-TV in Peoria identifies itself. Consider this typical exchange:

Lieutenant Worf, the Klingonese security chief: Captain, I'm picking up a strange radio signal from the planet below.

Captain Picard, the elder statesman: On audio, Lieutenant.

Blipity-boop-boop-boop. Blipity-boop-boop-boop.

Picard: What is it? What does it mean?

Lieutenant-Commander Data, the utterly innocent android: It seems to be similar to an old binary hailing frequency used on Earth in the late twentieth century. In English, it would mean something like "Turn on the FAX machine, you idiot."

Picard: Do it.

Kzzzzzzt-bip-bip-bip-krrrrzzt. A slip of paper pops up out of nowhere.

Picard: What does it say, Worf?

Worf: "Please call Chancellor Smith ASAP at 1-800-24-SUSSEX."

Picard: On screen, Lieutenant.

Chancellor Smith: Hello, Captain Picard? Oh, good—you got my note!

Picard: Well, I got a note—

Smith: We've been receiving signals of massive tectonic activity recently. Can you put your finger on it?

Picard: Well, I don't know if—

Data: A large, algae-covered undersea structure 129.6863 kilometres in diameter is surfacing in the southeast quadrant of your larger ocean.

Picard: Data, would this have anything to do with a press release we received from some fringe group calling itself "The Children of Cthulhu?"

On screen, we see Smith writhing on the floor of his office, making silly noises with his finger and lips. Close-up of Counsellor Troi's doe-brown eyes.

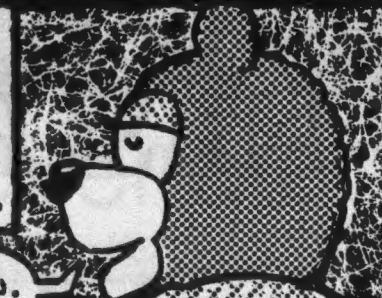
Troi: Captain, I am sensing great fear from Chancellor Smith.

A rotten job, but it at least keeps Sirtis employed. It's likely that Sirtis would prefer working Plautus for free to taking good money for some of the plots she sees at *Star Trek*. Most of those cursed by The Muse, this writer included, feel the same way.

But that's another column.

TEDDY  
RUXPIN  
SAYS...

I love you.



Teddy Ruxpin is a cute little talking teddy bear, all-around nice person, and a really swell guy. He lives with his cute little friends in a small cottage at the edge of the enchanted forest, listens to his parents, cleans his room, eats well-balanced meals (with lots of ruffage), and performs good deeds all day. Personally, the little fucker gives me the willies.

Dear Teddy Ruxpin:

Fuck, man. My head feels like it's gonna fuckin' burst. You know any good hangover cures?

Signed PISSED OUT OF MY TREE

Dear Mr. Tree:

You know, alcohol isn't necessary for a good time. I find that I always enjoy myself most when my friends and I get together and sing a really happy song.

Dear Teddy:

I was curious as to whether you belong to a fraternity or not. If so, which one? If not, why not?

Signed, FRAT RAT BRAT

Dear Mr. Brat:

I understand that insecure people join fraternities to feel wanted or needed. Well, I know that I've always got my friends Tummy the Caterpillar and Gimmick, so I don't think I'll ever be joining one of your little groups (but thank-you very much anyway).

Teddy Ruxpin:

I seek the pathways to power. I have given all I have over to the darkness. I have committed unspeakable atrocities. I have bathed in the blood of children. I have defiled the corpse of my grandmother. Show me the path.

Signed, DERANGED FUCK

Dear Mr. ... Deranged:

I think you need a big hug.

Speck of a speck:

Among all the annoying specks in the multiverse, you are surely the most annoying. You are a bane to all, mortal or eternal. Prepare to enter oblivion, pitiful wretch. No longer shall I suffer your disgusting existence, the plague of my omnipresent consciousness. I shall send after you those that have witnessed my being, and lived to do my will. Then, when I have revelled in your bloody massacre, I shall devour your soul, ending you for all time.

Signed, YOG-SOTHOTH, THE KEY AND THE GATE, EATER OF SOULS, FOULEST BEING IN THE UNIVERSE

Dear Mr. Sothoth:

Oh my, I'm very sorry to hear that.

Don't bother sending enquiries to Teddy Ruxpin Says, C/o Dogs N' Catson and Marc Mirror

Teach me  
whatsoever things  
are true



## St. Joseph's College University of Alberta

### Memo TO STUDENTS

Considering course changes? We offer Faculty of Arts course options to all students at the University of Alberta. Why not broaden your horizons and deepen your roots by registering in one of our courses before the deadline of January 10th? Our courses in Christian Theology and Philosophy will give you the opportunity for in-depth reflection on the real problems and challenges of modern life. In our smaller setting you can actually meet students from all the Faculties at the University of Alberta and talk about the things that are important to you. Come and see us!

Fr. Bob Barringer

Fr. Robert Barringer, CSB  
President

### Christian Theology (CHRTC)

COURSE	CAT#	TIME	INSTRUCTOR
172 Introduction to Catholic Moral Thought	40076	MWF 9:00-9:50	R.Sheard
264 Dimensions of Christian Faith	52668	MWF 12:00-12:50	R.Sheard
266 New Testament Themes	80437	TR 12:30-13:50	B.Kelly
292 Spirituality for Today's Christian	82236	TR 9:30-10:50	S.LaCroix
344 Catholicism: Late Middle Ages to Modern Times	57416	R 18:30-21:30	L.Zdunich
347 The Churches in Europe in the Twentieth Century	73801	MWF 11:00-11:50	D.Vervoort
349 Christianity and Social Justice in Canada	57429	TR 11:00-12:20	D.Vervoort
	29913	MWF 10:00-10:50	R.McKeon
	59826	TR 11:00-12:20	R.McKeon
	19652	T 18:30-21:30	R.McKeon
351 The Christian Meaning of Sex and Marriage	81770	MWF 10:00-10:50	G.MacKinnon
	63540	MWF 12:00-12:50	P.Flaman
	27088	TR 12:30-13:50	G.MacKinnon
	08352	T 18:30-21:30	P.Flaman

### Winter Session, 1991/92

#### Winter Term II, January to April 1992

All courses offered by St. Joseph's College have been approved by the Faculty of Arts and may be taken for credit towards B.A. degrees. They are also available to students in other faculties as Arts options, to unclassified students and to auditors.

Those seeking admission as unclassified students or auditors should apply to the Registrar's Office, University of Alberta, as soon as possible. Classes commence January 6.

352	Medical Moral Problems	69888	MWF	11:00-11:50	L.Quintos
		39776	MWF	13:00-13:50	L.Quintos
		79553	TR	9:30-10:50	P.Tracey
		59107	TR	11:00-12:20	J.O'Callaghan
		36430	W	18:30-21:30	J.O'Callaghan
372	The Eucharist in Christian Worship	66227	MWF	9:00-9:50	D.Vervoort
376	The Evolution of Christian Thought	57105	MWF	9:00-9:50	F.Firth
379	Theology and Liturgy of Eastern Christian Churches in Communion with Rome	51155	W	18:30-21:30	A.Hodowsky
381	Catechetics II	46309	MWF	12:00-12:50	G.MacKinnon
420	Contemporary Roman Catholic Christologies	94845	TR	12:30-13:50	R.Sheard

### Philosophy (PHIL)

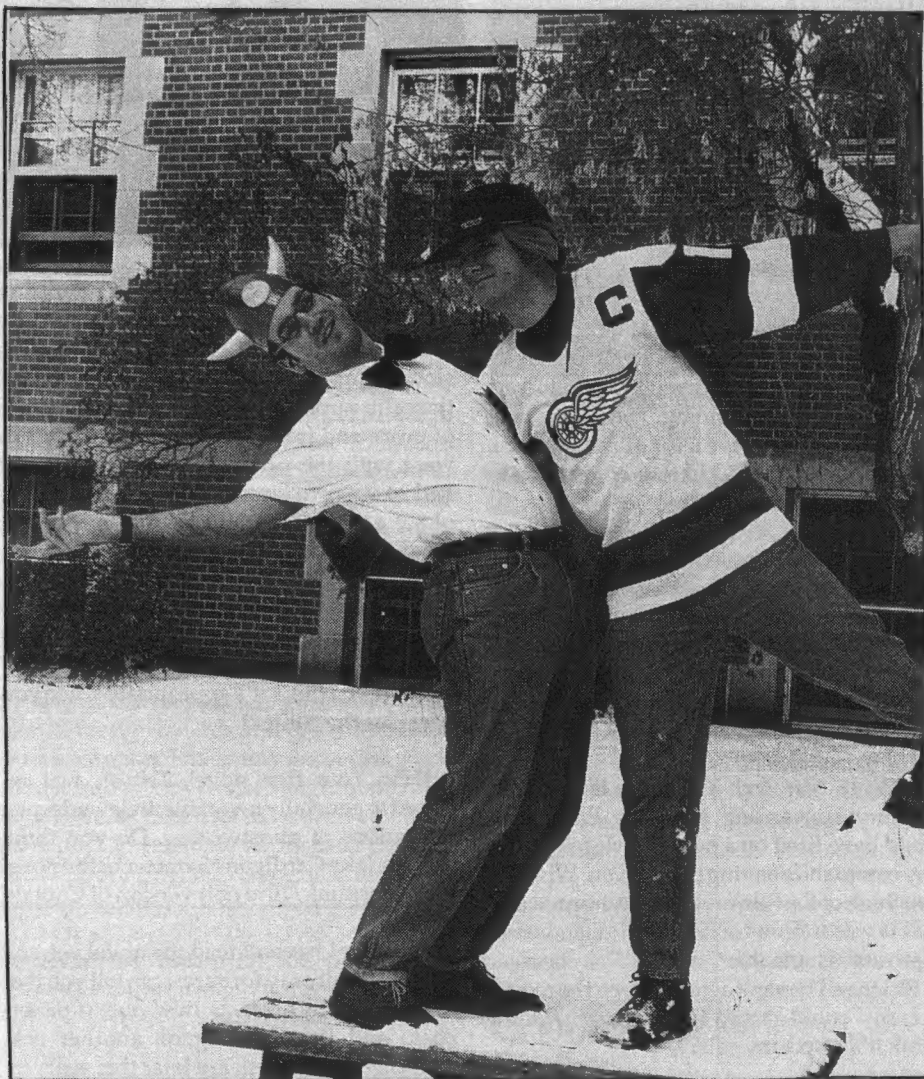
199	Current Questions in Christian Philosophy	74512	MWF	11:00-11:50	J.Buijs
249	Development of Christian Philosophy	76118	MWF	10:00-10:50	B.Inglis
279	Human Beings in Society	06105	MWF	13:00-13:50	J.Buijs
399	Christian Existentialism	62540	TR	14:00-15:20	J.Buijs
449	Thomas Aquinas	78718	TR	9:30-10:50	B.Inglis

Please consult the Dean, Room 131, St. Joseph's College, or the instructor for further information - 492-7681.



# Internment

Internment Editor: Piffy Puffy Trashcan, 492-SLOB



Barnaby Moore and Leather Locklear pass the deuce in a rare Alberda Ballet wintry scene.

## Absolute supereminence in sterling balletic excellence

The Bordello Brothers  
Alberda Ballet  
at the Cherries Jubilee Auditorium  
December 6

by Rubber McArty

It pleases and gratifies me to the very depths of my soul that I, and I alone am able to rise above the Entertainment riff-raff of the *Getaway* and stand alone in my breath-taking and stupendous treatises of the Alberda Ballet performances that occasionally grace our uncouth and uncultured populace. Reflecting the elements of life that are forever oscillating within a constant state of change, the Alberda Ballet perfectly executed a stunning retrospective of their 25 years of bravura performances through seasonal imagery that echoed the development within and made my nipples hard.

As the opening strains of the "Crash & Burn Nocturne" filled the anxious house, the evening assumed an air of celebration unsurpassed even by my visits to the *Getaway* offices with my lucid and insightful writing, bound in protective plastic lest its brilliance be besmirched by uncouthery. "The Lambada Scene" from Lechery's *The Bordello Brothers* portrayed the delicacies of love as tenderly as a newly flowered rose sparkling with spring mist at sunrise. "Guns of

Navarone" provided a provocative conclusion to the first portion of the programme, with charming choreography by Joe Strummer and superlative interpretation by dancers Loretta Swit and Tony Danza.

Following an intermission that displayed the pathetically incompetent flowing in full color — those who belittle beauty by insisting upon the display of clip on bow ties due to their inability to properly create a butterfly like my mother — the evening of ballet continued with "Holidays In The Sun", which provided to be the penultimate performance of the evening, with an elegance and shining grace powerful enough to evoke tears.

To conclude the already orgasmically illustrious evening, the company performed its signature ballet, Axlebottom's "The Anal Intruder". Reflecting the growing intensity within the score, the dancers probed and delved their way into the myriad positions that exist within the art of dance. The finale touched upon the very soul of ballet, and as the entire audience rose to their feet to instigate a violent riot, the eloquence and world class talent of the company was displayed as they enlisted the aid of a fire hose to (Editor's Note: Mr. McArty was sadly unable to conclude his review after being struck in the head by a stray beer bottle.)

## Gaunches cream crowd

Velvet Pink Gaunches  
Danny Dandru's Austrohungarian Bar  
Wednesday, Last Night

by Pulgo Em Chartets

Well it isn't everynight I get to see live legends of the underground Canadian music scene like Culp's Velvet Pink Gaunches. The first time I heard this band I was in kindergarten taking a nap when a mutant 4X4 monster boy drove by my classroom

blaring their first album, Mucous Membranes, out of industrial size speakers mounted on the role bars. What an impression that made on this seventeen year old. Years later in my rebellious stage I bought every single album and drug named after this band. The times I had, the memories I lost while listening to classic tunes like "Motorfridge in the Dark" and "Mantlepiece Mama's Revenge."

see GAUNCHES p.10

## Sniffy is a hero in Felix play

Where's Sniffy Now?  
Felix Theatre  
presented by the SPCA Theatre Company  
through December 23

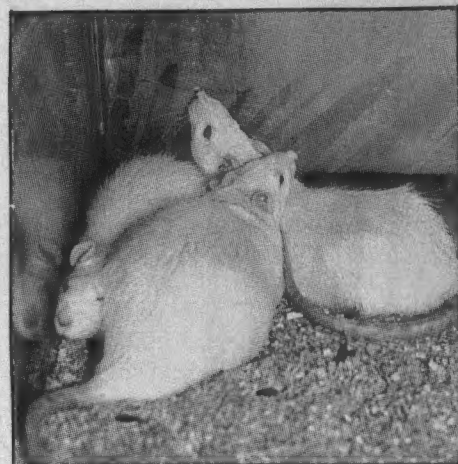
by B. Cleveland

This is the best play I have ever seen. I mean, I've seen a lot of plays, but this is the best one. Of all the plays I've seen, and there are lots, this one is the best. The best play I ever saw was this one.

This play is cruel. I wept. The premise is simple. In 1989, Ace Malone, an avant garde artist, was going to publicly smoosh Sniffy the rat under a cement block onto a canvas. This performance art was fortunately stopped by a court injunction from the SPCA, who rescued Sniffy from his thinner fate. The play picks up immediately after Sniffy's brush with death, on a sidewalk near the Vancouver Art Gallery. Sniffy is wonderfully played by Lab Specimen #235 from the University of Alberta Biology Department.

"I'm sick and tired of being exploited by the media," he says, and escapes his would-be rescuers, the SPCA Save Sniffy Committee, and hides under a bush. His lament is one often heard by the media: "I don't want to be manipulated by do-gooders for their selfish purposes." And it is a bitter white rat who leaves the first act intent on vengeance.

At his small urban hole (the scenery is incredibly well done) Sniffy plans his assault on Ace Malone. With his comrats-in-arms, played deftly by Specimens 115-165, they manage to haul a cinder block to Malone's apartment. The taxi scene is hilarious, with fifty red-eyed white rats swarming over bearded actor Hugh Beseen, and realistic scenery of downtown Granville Street. The labour of dragging the cinder block up the wall and into Malone's apartment is pain-



Sniffy, as portrayed by Lab Specimen #235, and his comered friends, about to confront the evil artist Ace Malone.

fully obvious on the small shrew-like features of Lab Specimen #235. He/she is an actor to be reckoned with in upcoming performances of the SPCA Theatre Company.

But the triumph comes later in the play, the scene where Ace Malone returns to his apartment and lies on the bed, while the audience knows there are fifty rats in the rafters struggling to prevent dropping a cinder block prematurely. From my seat I couldn't see but barely the bottom inch of the cement mass, and it wasn't until after Ace had settled into bed, and turned off his bedside lamp, that Sniffy and his rat-at-arms released Malone from this fragile existence. And then, in blissful exhaustion, all the white rats dropped from the ceiling onto the still body below, lit from the side by the moon shining through the window, fifty white rats dropping onto the bed first tentatively and then in swarms until the bed was alive with their white carpet.

## what I'm really doing this weekend

As if you care, but these are my plans for the weekend. Follow my example.

**Thursday.** I'll go to the Power Plant, buy three pitchers of beer on my VISA, buy some friends, drink until I puke on myself, and tell the band that even though I can't stand up, I'm going to review the show and they should give me a free t-shirt or something because someone puked on mine.

**Friday.** When I wake up around noon-thirty I'll probably be able to move as far as my television set and then I'll whine and complain to myself and sit and watch TV all day.

**Saturday.** I'll probably go to Barry T's or Goose Loonies dressed as a woman, after I shave my pits, chest and face, get really drunk and wait for someone to pick me up, take me home, try to encourage me into bed, and then find my penis just before I puke on myself.

**Sunday.** God's day. I will set aside a little time of restful contemplation, and probably watch cartoons all day. I'll tape over *Pavarotti in the Park* with *Horny Teenagers on Acid*.

## Free tickets worth \$40,000

The much awaited reunion of those local puking guitar heroes SBGTU (Society's Been Good To Us) will be at Nefertiti's Busted Y-Clip on December 28. I have eight tickets to this show, but I'll advertise that I have twenty so lots of people show up, because I'm bored and lonely. To win these tickets, simply answer the following questions:

1) Who was born in Honolulu in 1965? Who else? Name them all. 2) In 1845 which Pope invented the motion picture camera, but later burned it at a stake when his wife filmed him getting out of the hottub? 3) What was the third song the Dead Kennedys played when they came through Edmonton in 1985? Was it the same song

that I saw Sonic Youth play in Vancouver two years ago? 4) If said continual pay throwing wind up instead spreading backwards thin 1968 birthday hear green meeting?

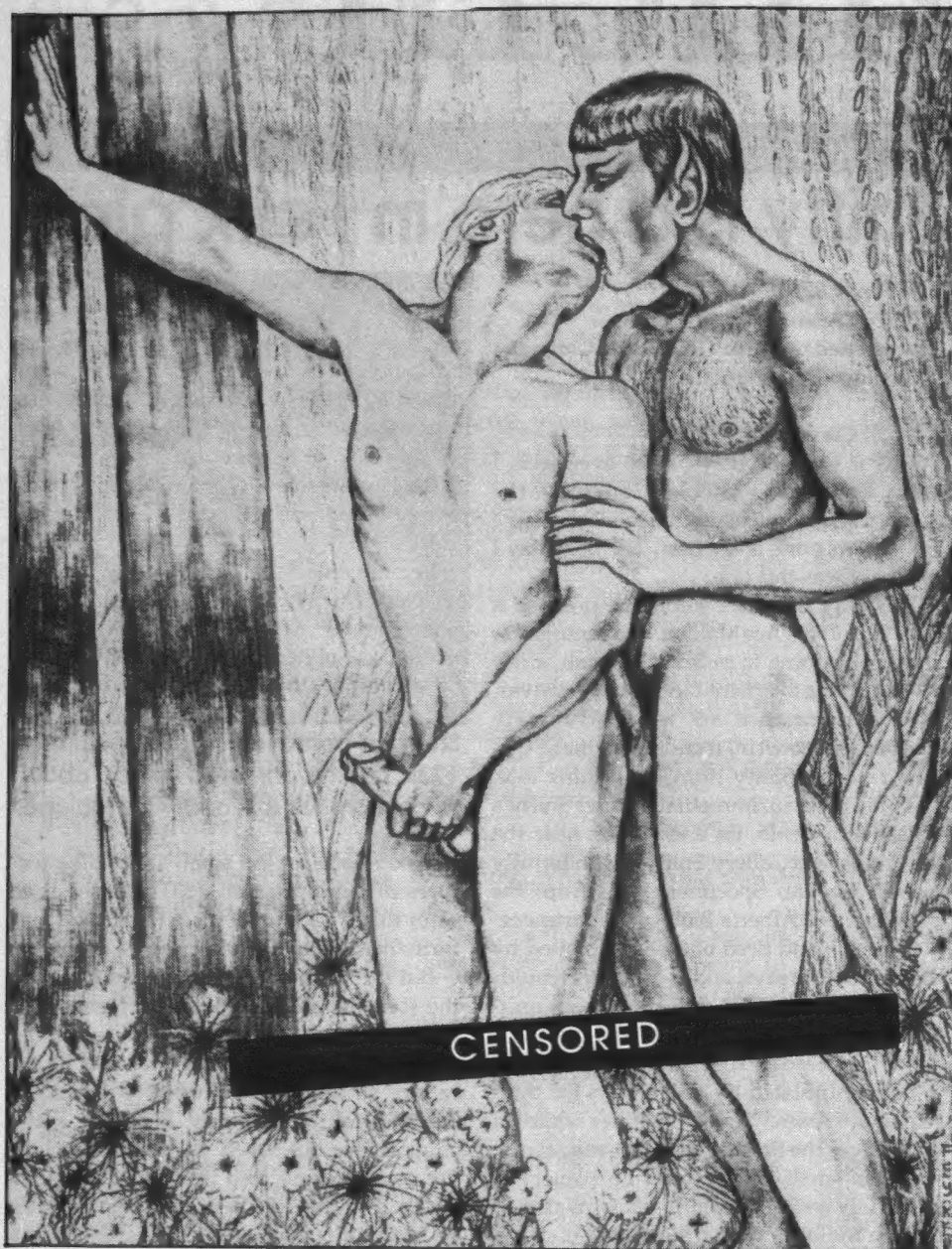
Bring your answers to me on Thursday January 2 and I will give you my car (well, it's a stolen car, but I won't tell you that until I call the police). Or bring your answers (and ten dollars) to Sound Infection, Southside Skirt, or Nefertiti's anytime soon and they might give you a ticket, if they haven't sold out.



After a lengthy hiatus during which SBGTU members underwent cosmetic surgery in Europe they are finally back and playing at Nefertiti's this month.



# An interview with Wilhelm Shatner



When the controversial love scene between Kirk and Spock was first conceived by the writers of *Star Trek XVI*, it first was drawn by the artists and placed on the storyboard. This drawing was recently released by the artist.

by Jesse Harcourt-Villiers

The following is an interview with Wilhelm "Bill" Shatner recorded during his recent visit to Edmonton to promote his new film *Star Trek XVI The Undiscovered Lover*.

**JHV:** Recently *the Getaway* ran a comic strip that illustrated various forms of faint praise, such as "the tallest midget", or "the fastest slug". The last phrase was "the sexiest Trekkie". What's your reaction to this?

**Shatner:** Ha ha! That's very funny. But seriously, all those crazy Trekkies have been paying for my Corvettes for the last twenty years, so I can't really be too hard on the little guys.

**JHV:** What do you think of our city?

**Shatner:** As you know, I'm Canadian by birth, so visiting your fine city is a bit like a long-delayed homecoming. The people here are really great. I have a lot of friends here. This is a fine city. I'd like to come back to Edmingchuk in the future.

**JHV:** You've released blooper tapes of the old *Star Trek* shows. Are there any plans to bring out similar tapes for, say, *T.J. Hooker*?

**Shatner:** No, but we've got some hilarious blooper tapes from *Rescue 911*. The one where the shooting victim gets run over by the arriving ambulance is a real gas. Ha ha!

**JHV:** In *Star Trek XVI* there is a central mystery concerning how the Enterprise could have fired on a peaceful ship without any commands having been given. What do you think of the film reviewers who revealed that it was a time-travelling Tholian vessel that was responsible?

**Shatner:** I haven't actually seen the movie yet, so I couldn't say I really care. I don't think it'll affect my salary.

**JHV:** Was it hard filming the climactic love scenes between Kirk and Spock? As you know, until this last movie the homoerotic



relationship between the two characters was strictly a subtext.

**Shatner:** Leonard (Nimoy) is a professional, and so am I. The sex scenes were, I thought, appropriate to the movie's theme of peace and free love. The only difficulties were with the prosthetic devices Leonard had to wear to simulate the Vulcan physiology, and of course, the skin-colored corset I had was kind of painful.

**JHV:** Did you feel it was inappropriate to include your 1973 recording of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" on the film soundtrack?

**Shatner:** I think it's appropriate when you consider the context.

**JHV:** Your first novel, *Tekwar*, was released to generally favorable reviews despite allegations of ghostwriting. Do you think that the Jake Cardigan character in the novel is a cyberpunk/film noir version of Captain Kirk?

**Shatner:** I haven't read the novel yet, so I couldn't really say for sure. I can tell you that the sequel, *TekLords*, is now out in paperback, and I'm working on another one, *TekVengeance*, for release later this year.

**JHV:** Thank you.

**Shatner:** Yeah.

## GAUNCHES from p.9

Now I am wiser and older and a lot more mellow but I still like to hear the band once in a while in a fit of tragic nostalgia. Last night I got the chance at Danny Dandruf's.

Sure the band members are all in their forties and don't wear spandex and kitchen appliances like they used to, but the nostalgai figure is still there. Kipper Dee's jowls are sagging when he launches into the cover tunes they still do: "The Wreck of the Old 97," "My Mama the Milkman's Moll," and "Smoke on the Water," but there are a lot of run on sentences and other great stuff to keep one busy at this place.

The fifteen piece band consisting of accordion, brass, percussion, strings and various construction equipment showed their age when they tried to do the songs of old. Somehow the songs lost some of the wonderment and innocence apparent to this impressionable reviewer when he was in Kindergarten.

The finest movement came when the trio of Liquid Giblets on guitar, Squid Farmicium on bass and Kipper Dee on vocals launched into a lurid version of Donna Summers' "Love to Love ya Baby" complete with orgiastic moans and gyrations. This sequeled beautifully into a cybermolten medley of Black Sabbath's "Iron Man" and Wayne Newton's "Daddy Don't you Walk So Fast."

The show rode highly on nostalgia and I am not ashamed to say I was in tears when the band performed their encore of "My Baby's on Ice and I'm in the Cooler." This song brings back a lot of tender young memories for my generation.

The Velvet Pink Gaunches will be performing at the Denny Dandruf's for another 5 months when they will be eligible to leave the country and tour Dublin and various hotel spots along the Ganges River. The opening band during this time will be Crispy Wheat Germ and the Maggot Brothers. All and all a great family show.

# R.A.T.T.

PRESENTS

## ZEN ASYLUM

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

## ROE BEATERS

DECEMBER 18

## WARNING: STORM APPROACHING

# THE TEMPEST

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

LEAVE IT TO JANE

**JANUARY 9 - 19**  
 Tuesday - Sunday 8 pm at the  
 Kaasa Theatre, Jubilee Auditorium  
 Call 489-1703 or 483-2357 for tickets



# Ungulate movie masterpiece

Olga's misery a radishing sheepfest

*Olga's Field of Misery*  
(Swedish, with Dutch sign language)  
directed by Bjorn Fjordbottenslot-  
tenmaskjinwhoopwhoop  
at Cineplexmex 60

review by Wonker Lube

It is seldom that a film turns up with the magnitude of this fine foreign piece by the exceptional director of post-modern disruptive narrative cinema, Bjorn Fjordbottenslottenmaskjinwhoopwhoop. The magical fluidity of this masterpiece sweeps the viewer into a cavalcade of colorful metaphor and symbolic tragedy that will force one to reflect and face life's futility and insignificance.

The film opens with a breathtaking view of the wide sheep herding fields of Sweden, coming in close on Olga (Helga Snorpfikken). Her sheep represent the timid female within her, and the arrival of her lifelong friend Lars (Leslie Neilsen) instills her with courage and fortitude. Olga's life has not been good, since she refuses to shear or slaughter her precious sheep for profit, and Lars' arrival forces her to make a fateful decision.

Fjordbottenslottenmaskjinwhoopwhoop's mastery of surrealism has garnered him a mass of foreign awards and this film should be no exception. The grainy 8mm film stock turns it into an objectivist's nightmare holiday movie, as the shots have been carefully assembled to resemble haphazard filming. Most importantly, the dialogue is terse and



Lars and Olga just before their exit from the Garden of Ewes

laden with poetry, especially when Olga falls to her feet naked screaming as Lars drives off into the sea with her sheep. The film is also timely, as Lars works for a cosmetics firm and wants the sheep for testing. Olga's discovery of this as the sheep drown becomes a metaphor for human self-destruction as she ends the film diving repeatedly out of a tree onto a placard reading "John Gogo does not have a degree!" Absolute poetry, and powerful enough to force you out of your seat in a moral outrage. If you don't feel a thing after seeing this magnificent film, you are dead. Five stars out of five.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate. If ever you disturb our streets again Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You Capulet, shall go along with me; and, Montague, come you this afternoon

## oggleofile

Christmas gift silence  
listening

C-90  
Maxell  
Maxell

With Christmas rapidly approaching, perhaps you're wondering what to buy for that music fan on your shopping list. Well, fret no longer! Here are some recently released albums that are perfect for those with hard-to-shop-for tastes.

*Roger Whittaker Performs the Music of Led Zeppelin*

Dinosaur Records

Thrill to the mellow sounds of Roger singing "Stairway to Heaven" a-capella! Chill to the too-cool sex groove of an acoustic rendition of "Black Dog"! Spill your beer on your lap as you leap up and dance to "Good Times, Bad Times" sung accompanied with a harp and piano!

*Live in Vegas*

Wayne Newton and Tom Jones

Moldy Music

Those two pulsating heart-throbs have finally gotten together and released an album that your mom and Aunt Helga would just die for! Recorded in an authentic Las Vegas casino, background music is provided by jingling coins coming from a slot machine, screams of joy from a woman winning big, and screams of terror as she is promptly mugged.

*The Reunion Album*

Lawrence Welk

Champagne Music Inc

You'll put a smile on everyone's face as you present them with this album which will make bubble fly from their CD player! Just add shampoo, water, and a repair bill for a few hundred bucks (not included).

Also soon-to-be-released are Donny Osmond's *I Just Don't Know When To Give Up*, The Beach Boys' *Greetings From the Geriatric Ward*, and the Simpsons Sing Bob Dylan. Happy shopping!

Pauline Codpiece

With Silent Record Week around the corner, I felt I had to review a silent record. For those few underprivileged that have no idea what a silent record is, let me give you some examples. A silent record is a recording of a string quartet where no one touches the strings, a-capella where no one sings, or a Guns n Roses concert where the band or the fans don't show up. Silence. Various famous artists have created silent material, most notably Madonna, who did a five minute video.

The problem with silent records is that so few places carry them. Since I wanted to review something that the reader could get their hands on I decided that a cover version of a silent tape, that is a ready-made blank tape, would be sufficient.

The problem with this sort of cover album is that it lacks the quality of the original. There is a quality that professionals bring to the silent albums. Comparing the silent currents in this album to others it is clear that the quality is gone. Even compared to the Top-40 styles of Madonna's silent video this was missing something. The emotion is lack-lustre, obviously the factory workers in charge of this tape never gave a damn. On the blank tape that I had there was a serious mixing problem. Some of the overlays were out of sync. This cover was so bad, that I plan to dub some other silent record over top.

As I said silent records week is somewhere around the corner, (some time within the next revolution of the earth around the sun) so when it comes, sit down and listen to the beauty of silence.

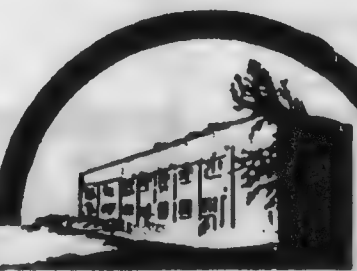
Joan Pposao

DEC

"12"

"NIRVANA"

WITH GUESTS\*



DEWEY'S DEWEY'S DEWEY'S  
RESTAURANT  
AND  
BAR

DEC

"13"

"THE RED HOT  
CHILI PEPPERS"

WITH GUESTS\*

Directly behind  
Fine Arts/Law

\*You're a whole lot stupider than you look if you think that this ad is for real.



# Spurts

Sports Editor: Sport Goofy, 492-5068



**Sport  
Goofy**

## Sex & sports: similar beasts

The evolution of sports has taken many twists and turns in its history, but have you ever wondered about its creation. Where and why it came about?

Short and sweet, sport grew from man's sexual frustration.

It's not very hard (no pun intended) to decipher the reasoning behind this statement. The facts have always been there. The comparisons between sex and sports are oh so recognizable.

One trip back in time to the Garden of Eden recalls all.

When Eve said "no", the first word Adam uttered was "aaaaarrgh". That same sound is made time and time again by jocks who are unsuccessful during potential scoring moments. The trend continued for Adam until his decision to seek sanctuary from Eve's repeated denials. His search began and ended with sport.

It's all around the sporting world. From tennis to hockey, from football to auto-racing. Let's shift into particulars.

Team sports include the generic terms of "score" and "pass". The various positions attributed to the players are not simply a matter of mere coincidence.

Baseball, of course, is the ultimate sexual measuring stick. It's phallic innuendos are endless.

The court sports, as well, carry sexual connotations. How about "ace" or "foul", "spike" or "slam"? It cannot be denied.

In particular, tennis stems from female frustration in later years when the male became much more entranced with the fulfilment of sport instead of the trials of sex. How else could the term "love" being implied in a male dominated aspect of the world? Hey, they also always say that "love is a racket."

True, the terms of the sporting world are all intangible. Certain aspects of the sporting world, however, we can touch and are definite reminders of how sexually repressed we get. The sweat that permeates our skin is perhaps the most tangible of all.

Sport is intense, likewise is sex. The climax of the sporting event features pressure of gigantic proportions; an atmosphere of overwhelming sensation.

Almost all sports use what is coined "the ball". There's big balls, little balls, leather balls, and rubber balls. Every male competitor brings his own balls. Every female competitor wants to play with those balls. The debate among the sexes has always been "who can play better?". Whatever be the answer, the squabble continues, especially in our own back yard.

Indeed, here in Canada, we are big in that department. After all, we are a "puck" loving nation. What we preach so well, we practice even better.

## Varsity turf becomes carpet world

Domed stadium in future Bear football playbook

by Orally Brightcrotch

Carpet's a comin' to the University of Alberta. Golden Bears' head football coach Dink Winkerson has used his vast connections with his former employer, Carpet World, to

lay down artificial turf on the team's practice field. Wilkinson hopes that this will improve the team's speed as they finished dead last in the egg relays at last year's Vanier Cup.

With the 9000 square yard order,

the University will also receive Eskimos' backup quarterback Warren Johns, in hopes that they can solve their dilemma at that position. However, his ascension to starter is by no means a guarantee.

"We have several quality guys in the backfield now," Winkerson said. "Johns won't be just handed the job."

The cost of this purchase will be offset by a \$400 fee increase. Not surprisingly, the Student's Union had several comments.

"At first we were against it, but then several members of the football team came to our offices and 'explained' their reasoning to us," said Students' Union president Marc du Munchausen. "We are now wholly behind the move."

The team itself was quite pleased with the move. Citing the poor quality of the field and their overly healthy knees, the Bears unanimously praised their coach for his brilliant deal.

"I'm not thrilled about Jones coming in, but he's not the first challenger to my job," said current Bears' QB Tailored Robber. "Neither of us have vast experience on carpet, so at least we'll be on an equal footing."

Carpet World owner Rugger Shagg was quite pleased with the transaction, despite his guilt at adding a 200 per cent surcharge for the inconvenience of using the car-

pet for academic use.

"We try to support education, but in this case, we had to have the extra money," Shagg said. "We charged Calgary 300 per cent for their turf, so the U of A should be proud. And Calgary didn't even get a quarterback!"

Notwithstanding the fact that a seven year old girl is a better QB than anyone the Dinosaurs have, it does appear that Winkerson is coming closer to his goal of doming the practice field with a retractable bubble. When queried about this seeming extravagance in these recessionary times, president Pal Davendork responded angrily.

"Our football team only generated a 6000 per cent loss last year! The soccer team incurred losses of 8500 per cent, and they're asking for \$50 to buy a new ball! Why don't you ask about their mind blowing wastes of university dollars?!"

The cost of the "Winker-Dome" is to be added on to students' fees again, raising them approximately \$1800 on average. Arts students would be charged an additional \$3600, while physical education majors will be subsidized to use it.

"They're going to be the ones using it, and it's their use that will pay for it," Davendork said.

The Wilkie-Dome should be in place for the 1993-94 season, with the first increase in fees coming next term.



Mort 9

Rugger Shagg measures the particulars on Varsity turf to ensure a perfect fit for his carpet. Shagg insists that red colored carpet is the wave of the football future to disguise any blood stains incurred during ball battles.

## AIDS scare has Athletics eyeing test possibilities

by Dilly Dally

Coaches and administrators for the Department of Athletics deny they will follow the lead of several campus clubs who will initiate mandatory HIV testing next year. The Chess Club, Go Club, and Fantasy Games Club have announced that, starting in January, all new members may have to undergo the test, depending, of course, upon whether they are likely to be hit on by other members. The Star Trek Club will also consider the move, although they aren't yet sure if Klingon blood can carry the AIDS virus. Lack of socialization among the Trekkies may be a saving grace from mandatory testing.

Director of the Department of Athletics Darryl Shoeless commented that the department will not be influenced by outside sources.

"What they (the clubs) want to do to or for their members will have nothing to do with our decision-making process. We're still working on whether we should continue to condone fraternization following sporting events. Closing the Bears Den may be an initial step in that direction."

Shoeless also points to the current financial difficulties of the department as a reason for delaying such a move. Many sports are in need of new equipment, and the testing process will likely be too expensive.

"The guys really need some new jockstraps. . . Condoms provide only protection from a sexual standpoint, not a sporting one."

Pandas' volleyball head coach Lori Eichmann, however, feels that restricting post-event socializing only adds to the problem, citing the fact that the Bears Den and other campus drinking establishments are solely environments to cool off, not heat up. She also worries that her team may be cut if the tests are implemented.

"Look, there's no real danger here," Eichmann said. "The guys are scared of my girls anyhow. Have you ever caught an overhand spike in the shnoz? Besides, we all know that those hockey and football jocks are too busy pumping iron to be pumping anyone else!"

## Collector's Corner

by Moe Simpson

### SABRES



LEE FOGOLIN

Hockey card fanatics, feast your eyes on this future treasure. From the '75-76 Topps series, a mint condition Lee Fogolin rookie card is currently valued at \$10. The above featured copy is one of only ten left on the market, and despite being chewed-up, bent in half, farted on, and scrawled upon, the asking price has risen from under \$1 to \$8 in only five years time. Demand is high, so invest now.



# Wrecking bodies for Rec shirts

Steroids have Oils and others jumping for championship t-shirt return

by Damn Piaget

Campus Recreation is the latest organization to be rocked by an already too common scandal - steroids. It seems that in the pursuit of the infamous, fabulous, attractive and low maintenance Campus Rec Participant/Champion t-shirts, certain teams have resorted to less than honorable means. We're talking cheap drugs.

In response to these findings, Campus Recreation has taken a firm stand.

"Any team found to have used banned substances will automatically forfeit all awards received," said an emphatic Hug Oils, Dictator of Campus Recreation in a prepared statement yesterday after-

noon. "Of course we require all t-shirts to be washed and returned in 'reusable' condition. We'll probably give them away to those individuals who can't actually win one like Omar or some other loser."

Oils also indicated the possibility of organizing a group of renegades to

retrieve the shirts should bearers refuse to return them. The only time in the history of Campus Rec that the "t-shirt police" have been activated was during the '89 season when participants ran off with 50 pinnys. Apparently, the pinnys were being used by the St. Joseph's Cheer-for-Beer squad as drinking

bibs.

After hearing about this recent situation, Peter Dick, who is some

**People used to come out to events, meet people, have fun, get some exercise and then disappear into secluded rooms in large, sweaty co-ed groups - Dick**

sort of ex-employee or Campus Rec groupie or something, started telling stories about the 'good old days' of the program.

"People used to come out to the events, meet people, have fun, get some exercise and then disappear into secluded rooms in large, sweaty co-ed groups. I always wondered

what they did in those rooms. Why wasn't I ever invited?"

At this point, Dick simply broke down and cried freely, mumbling something about his mother. A scandal of this magnitude must be hard to take. Some of the participants are not surprised by this discovery.

Andrew Lemming, a 6th year Education student, went on the record as well.

"Everybody does it and if I want a t-shirt, I'm going to have to do it too," Lemming said. "I'm not proud, but there is no way I'm leaving university without a shirt. I'll do anything."

Blake Ford, a former high-profile Campus Rec participant agreed.

"Without the juice, I'd just be a wanna-be jock who can't get women."

Ann Nibblejustabit, an employee of the program, interrupted her reading of the Getaway just long enough to say, "do you know who sent me that TLF?"

The people at the top aren't talking. The program is in mass confusion. Only one thing is certain - cheaters have a nice wardrobe. Amen.

For more information about becoming a t-shirt police member or returning shirts, contact Damn Piaget or Hug Oils at the Campus Recreation Office (Van Vliet Centre)

"real life"

SPORTS SELECT

DATE	TV	VISITOR	HOME	ODDS		
				V	T	H
TUE DEC 10	ACS	Gurp's team	Yi's pool team	99.9	0.05	99.4
	FOX	Bundy, A.	Simpson, H.	1.50	3.60	3.55
	PLM	Lindros E.	Quebec	1.15	4.60	7.45
		Saelhof, T.	Celibacy	9.05	2.15	0.95
	CNN	Kennedy	Alleged Victim	1.90	0.50	2.45
	KNI	Dumochel	Ferguson	1.75	3.45	6.05
	BKR	Bonilla, B.	U.S. Mint	2.50	3.90	1.55
	WRE	Buffalo	Macoun, J.	1.00	6.75	9.45
	FEN	Buffalo	Macoun w/stick	5.50	4.10	1.20
	TAG	Tikkanen	Ranford	4.00	4.05	1.75
WED DEC 11	MBL	Bombay	Shanghai	4.55	4.05	1.95
		UNLV	Graduation	1.05	1.10	6.40
	CHK	Blue Jays	Blew Jays	45.1	5.65	0.05
	CBC	Swedes	Cherry, D.	3.50	4.50	1.15
	MER	San Jose	Rest of NHL	1.01	5.50	65.4
		CFL Payroll	Rocket's Salary	2.10	3.05	1.95
	AMG	Phillips, R.	Dutchysen, D.	1.60	3.40	4.10

## TV Networks:

ACS- Access Network PLM- Parliamentary Channel KNI- Knitting  
MBL- Millwoods Ball Hockey WRE- Wrestling FEN- Fencing TAG- Tag  
MER- Merchandising CHK- Choke-o-rama AMG- Annoying Media Guy



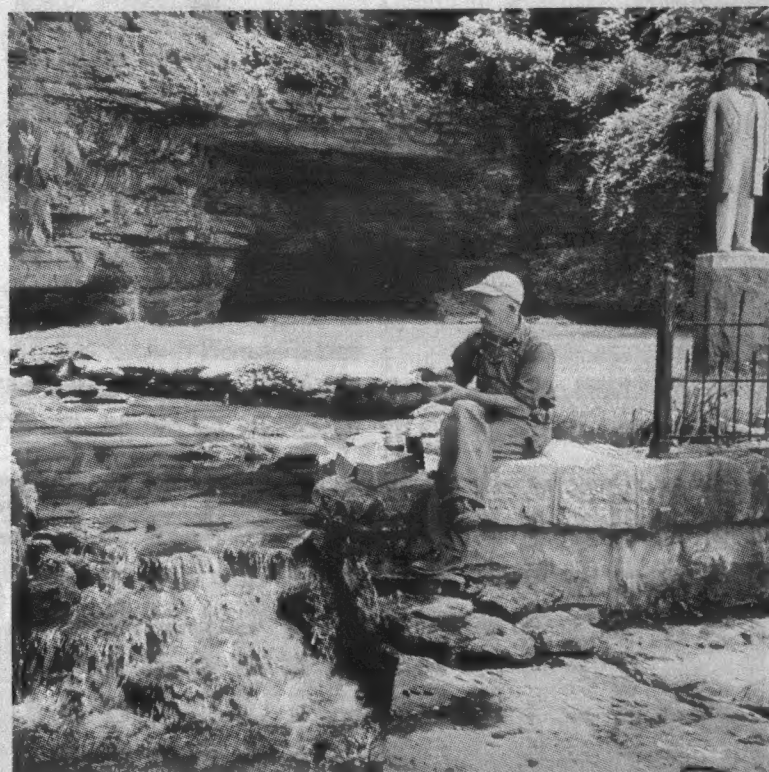
## Best Picks:

**Gurp's team vs Yi's pool team:** C'mon bettors, a sure thing. No one's gonna score in this match-up. With Gunner Gurp and his lifetime average of one point a year against the mighty Yi's pool team who are in dead last with one win in 45 starts. If this was a playoff game, it would go on till Easter. Hey, you may lose money on this game, but if you want that winning spirit...  
**Bundy vs Simpson:** Who would you rather be? Don't answer that. Crotch scratching Bundy will cruise to an easy win over that bald yellow dude.  
**Celibacy vs Todd Saelhof:** Sorry to be sexist, but no female or Tory-washroom type betters allowed to fix to results. Yeah that 9.05 looks attractive on your ticket but no way.  
**Kennedy vs Alleged victim:** Kennedy's got the money.  
**Dumochel vs Ferguson:** Marc the mighty has the edge as Fergie

hasn't picked up knitting needles in ten years. But the odds are good and you never know about that talented Ferguson guy.  
**Buffalo vs Macoun:** Possible upset, Macoun could just clean out the hapless Sabres by himself. When he shows the Sherwood, it's all over.  
**Tikkanen vs Ranford:** Sorry pest lovers, Ranford has the blocker and the raid. Easy win.  
**UNLV vs Graduation:** Another good upset here. Someone will play Tarkanian for a certificate at the Blackjack tables at Caesar's palace and win.  
**Swedes vs Don Cherry:** You gotta like the Swedes. An inside tip says they're bringing out the meatballs and sauce to stain Cherry's clothes. Then again with all the polka dots, who's gonna notice?  
**Phillips vs Dutchysen:** Good odds for the master of cliches Dutchman. It's an even up battle all the way, but Phillips wins on experience. Not a bad long shot pick.

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# Shaving staff not all fun and games

Obsession with whiskers drives Campus Security to ~~drink~~ step up action

by Sport Goofy

The other day somebody lost a beard. And it wasn't a pretty sight.

Although not sanctioned by the Athletics Department, it's become a sport, even an obsession. University of Alberta staff members sneaking around behind the backs of those around them. They look for fun and a good rush. In fact, they even look for straight edge razors - the straighter, the better.

Shaving the faces of fellow staff members of the university has become a kind of behind-the-closed-door infatuation. From the Students' Union Building to Faculte St-Jean,

the fascination has picked up steam. Unfortunately, while it's all been voluntary, concern is starting to build in the community.

"There have been a number of unforeseen casualties as a result of shaving," said Campus Security head Donut Loungeabout. "Nics, cuts, and even abrasions have kept us on our toes. As security officials, our job is never done."

Loungeabout also states that the worst case scenarios have been a result of innocent shaving episodes.

"The people being deeply hurt are those unaware of the potential danger," Armed said. "We can't

stress enough the danger involved in shaving others. Whether voluntary or not, this is a real cause for concern."

That danger has also prompted Campus Security to beef up their operations. The number of foot patrols has been doubled, and officials have recently purchased a squad buggy to further their security along campus pathways. With that, of course, comes rising expenditure costs.

But, as Loungeabout indicates, C.S. is committed to keeping the campus as safe as possible.

"People are sneaking around us-

ing every nook and cranny to get their jollies. We found a pair last weekend in the Tory washrooms using a straight edge to remove facial hair. Because of recent developments, it wasn't quite what we expected. Needless to say, we were appalled."

Appalled as well were members of the Biological Studies Department. Genetics professor Gene Poole is at a loss to explain why staff members resort to shaving as an obsessive past time.

"I'm not sure why the members of this community are indulging in such a frivolous, yet damaging, en-

deavor," Poole said. "As human beings, the act of shaving should be one of routine and work, not one of pleasure and fulfillment."

Poole, however, is quick to point the apparent "healthy" attitude of the campus crowd.

"The clean-shaven, smiling faces are a definite plus for the university, but at what price can we afford to keep the everybody looking that way. Sooner or later, somebody's going to lose an eye."

Despite these pleas from both Biological Sciences and Campus Security, the act of indiscriminate shaving episodes continues to increase. What starts out as pure, clean fun might become an epidemic by

**Sooner or later,  
somebody's going to  
lose an eye - Poole**

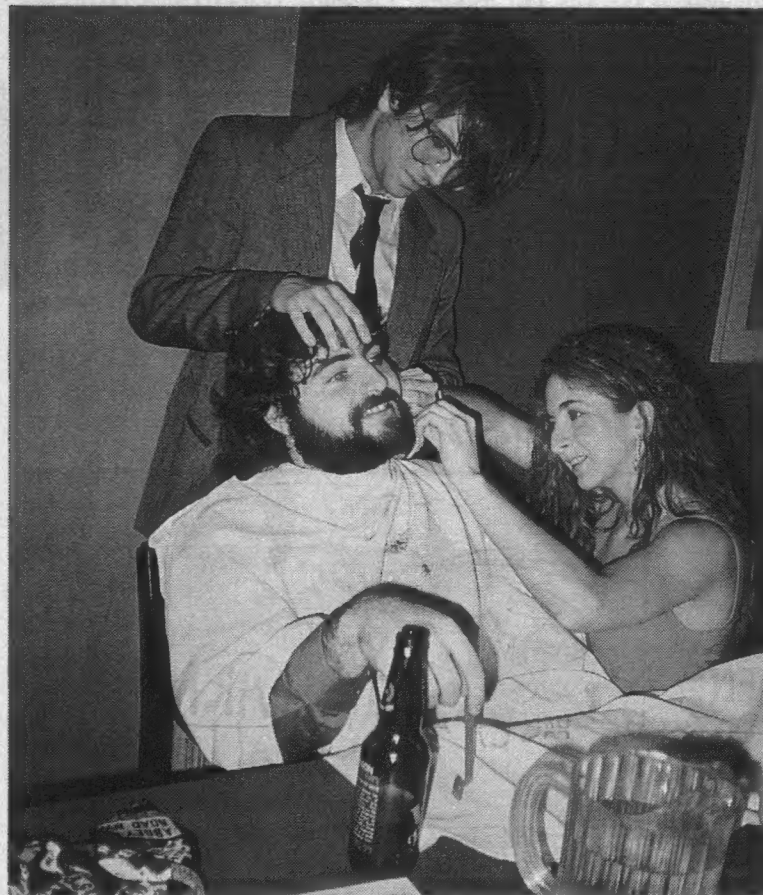
the turn of the century. It has Statistics Majors on the calculator day and night.

"The numbers are stifling and the equations endless," said Statistics Major Hugh Letpackard. "Secretary shaves professor; coffee lady shaves president; department head razes associate dean; even trainer shaves coach. The list is endless."

And with no end in sight, Athletics may endeavor to provide relief.

"We are currently looking into funding shaving as a sanctioned sport on campus," said Athletics Director Darryl Shoeless. "The interest is there, both participant and spectator-wise. It's just a matter of funding the program and erecting a permanent athletic venue. It can be done."

If it's not, then shaving on campus will continue to be a sore spot for security, and indeed a sore spot on thousands of faces.

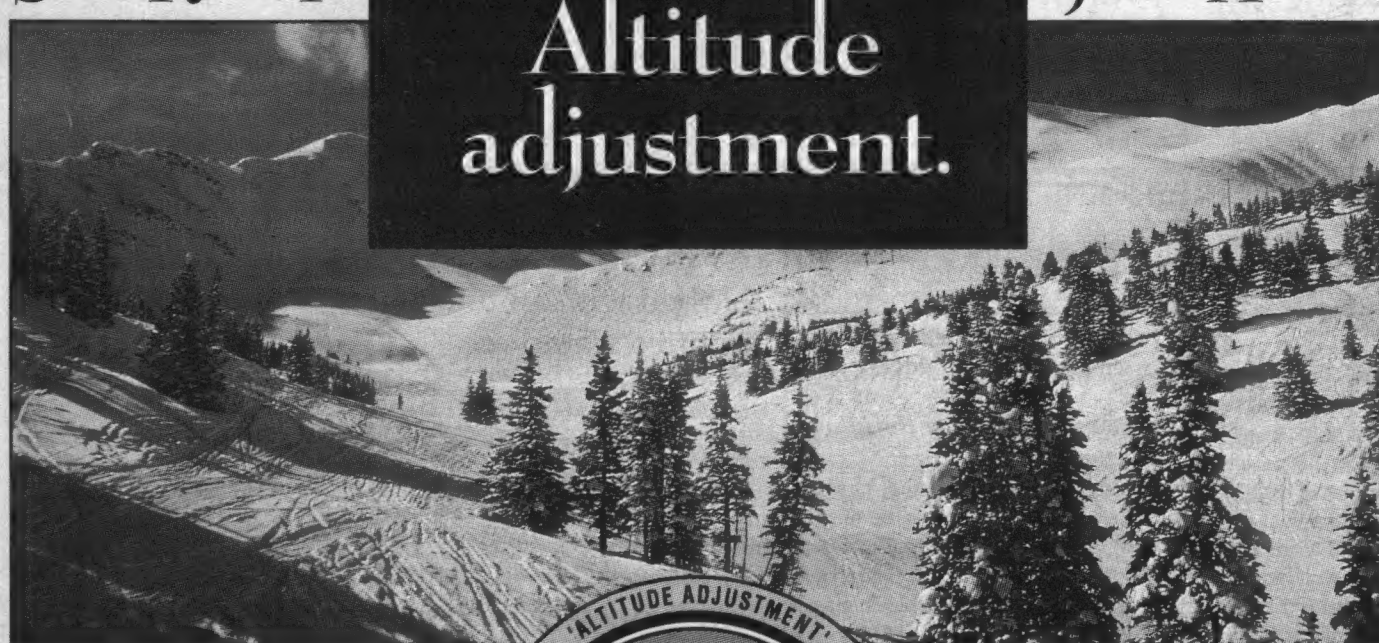


While members of the *Getaway* indulge in shaving activities, a number of razing-related accidents have occurred in recent weeks. The incidents have sparked numerous uproars from within the community, including cries from security.

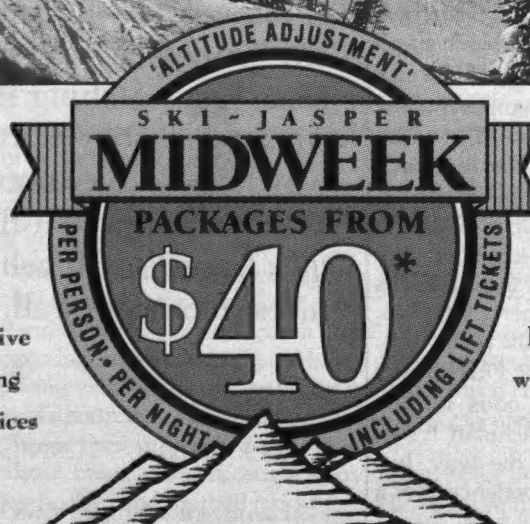
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High season	\$49.00	\$70.00

Jasper Inn 1-800-661-1933	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$53.00	\$62.50
High season	\$55.00	\$67.00

Jasper Park Lodge 1-800-268-9411	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$58.50	\$73.50
High season	\$61.00	\$76.50

Lobstick Lodge 1-800-661-9317	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$46.00	\$52.50
High season	\$54.00	\$67.50

Marmot Lodge 1-800-661-6521	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$50.00	\$58.50
High season	\$53.00	\$62.50

Sawridge Hotel 1-800-661-6427	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$49.00	\$70.00
High season	\$52.00	\$70.00

Astoria Hotel (403) 852-3351 (collect)	Midweek*	Weekend
Low season	\$40.00	\$52.00
High season	\$44.50	\$57.50

Marmot Basin (403) 852-3816

\*Based on per person, per day, double occupancy, midweek only. Excluding December 23 to January 3 and March 30 to April 3. Taxes not included.

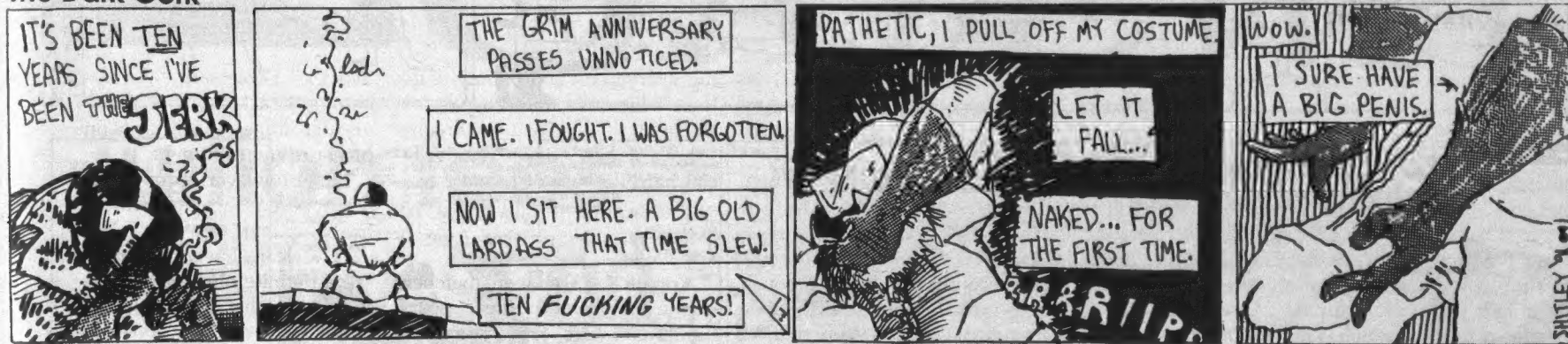




# COMIX! YAY!

Stiffen Hotley: Managing Goof.. Heh Heh! -492-5178

## The Dark Gerk



## King Skitters in the Land of the Amazon Women



## Neil the Nerd Gets AIDS



## Thee (Late) Unteachables



## Masturbating Flailing Nobs



## Notley Anti-Christ



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